

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Musical Notes for A.B. Charles Scotcher

NEXT time you get home to 131 Clifden Road, Lower Clapton, E.5, A.B. Charles Scotcher, your wife will expect you to come in dancing the hornpipe.

She told us that that is one of her most pleasant memories—you dancing as you come into the house!

The piano never gets used now you're away, says your wife, and she hopes it won't be long before you are at home

playing your old favourite, "I'll be loving you always."

You won't recognise your house soon, Charles. The place has been re-decorated and a new sink has been put in, but there is plenty of electrical work waiting to be done when you get home.

Until then, your cat Scottie, Aunt and Uncle B., Hettie and George, Mary and Jack, Sally and Lance, and Lil and Alf, join your wife in sending their love and best wishes.



"Upstart" comes to town

Ron Richards' SHOP TALK By Guest Writer DEREK HEBENTON

MEMBERS of the crew of H.M.S. Upstart really came to town recently when they visited "Buck House" to get the awards they had won on patrol.

The skipper, Lieutenant Paul Chapman, R.N., who was awarded the D.S.O. to go with his D.S.C. and bar, took his crew along to the Connaught Rooms after the ceremony at the Palace, and here the wives, mothers, sisters, sweethearts and friends of the crew joined them in a chicken lunch.

I joined them there, and I must say the food was good. But then food doesn't make a party of this kind, and it owed a lot to the personality of the man in the chair and that of his right hand man, Lieutenant Robert Menzies, D.S.O., R.N.V.R.

I'm sure all had a good time, though I certainly felt sorry for Leading Stoker "Zombie" Walker, D.S.M., when he was called upon to sing. The stoker from South Africa certainly showed courage in holding out against the demands of his senior officers, and insisting on the soreness of his throat. I have seen many men suffer similar complaints in similar positions, but it's a pity we didn't hear "Zombie" sing.

YOU could not help but admire the courage of C.P.O. Leonard Hough, D.S.M., R.N., when he took over the chair from his skipper. His first call

was upon his two officers to repeat their wardroom rendering of "The Holy City," and I must say they did it extremely well, even if they did break down after the first verse.

Star turn was P.O. "Popeye" Coulridge, D.S.M., who certainly lived up to his nickname with his rendering of one of that sailor's popular ballads. If the Petty Officer was right, if he really did have the sore throat which he, too, claimed, then his was truly a wonderful performance. If I wore a hat I would most certainly raise it to you, "Popeye."

It appears that Chief E.R.A. Ken Stewart, D.S.M., R.N., and S.P.O. Hawkins, D.S.M., had no special vocal talents, though the

Chief must certainly have had something, judging by the particularly charming member of the W.R.N.S. whom he was marrying a few days after the investiture.

The unluckiest man of all was A.B. Walter Gilders, D.S.M., who had to miss the reception. He is probably still regretting having missed the sight of "Percy" Chapman and "Mangy" Menzies performing their party piece in front of an audience, and well he might, for believe me, it was certainly a sight worth seeing.

THE Ministry of Information gave this story to the National Press:

Surfacing in daylight off an island in the Indian Ocean, a submarine commanded by Lieutenant J. A. R. Troup, D.S.C., R.N., opened fire with her gun at close range on three coastal craft, and almost immediately was straddled by shells from Japanese shore batteries. "As the depth of the water was only 24 feet," said Lieut. Troup on his return from this patrol, "it was impossible to dive, and the only course was to increase to full speed and continue the round tour of the island."

This the submarine did, and sank all three coastal craft at point blank range as she flashed past them.

"Three minutes later," continued Lieut. Troup, "a providential rain-squall—the heaviest we had yet encountered—obscured us completely from the shore batteries which kept on firing at us from astern."

"When we had completed our circumnavigation of the island, we dived and got away."

THE following announcement, making H.M. Submarine "Tally Ho" the most-gonged boat in the Service, is from the

current London Gazette:—

The King has been graciously pleased to give orders for the following appointment to the Distinguished Service Order and to approve the following reward and awards:—

For outstanding courage, skill and undaunted devotion to duty in successful patrols in H.M. Submarine "Tally Ho":—

Second Bar to D.S.C.
Comdr. Leslie William Abel Bennington, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N.

Bar to D.S.C.
Temp. Lieut. (E.) Peter Douglas Scott-Maxwell, D.S.C., R.N.

D.S.C.
Lieut. Christopher Theodore Martin Thurlow, R.N.R.

Bar to D.S.M.
Temp. C.P.O. Joseph Colley Brighton, D.S.M.
Temp. Actg. L.S. Stanley Hawkey, D.S.M.
Ldg. Tel. Vernon George Backman, D.S.M.

D.S.M.
Temp. Actg. L.S. Henry James Barker.
Temp. Actg. Ldg. Sto. James Ernest Neale
E.R.A. Alexander West.

Mentions.
Stoker David Aitken Gay.
Temp. Actg. L.S. George Charnock.
A.B. Walter George Crole.
From all at home, congratulations, gents.

SUNDAY THOUGHT

NO man hath seen God at any time. If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us.

Hereby know we that we dwell in him, and he in us, because he hath given us of his Spirit.

First Atlantic Cable said "Shake Hands"—then went dead

IT was in the middle of August, 1858, that the first cable passed between Britain and America. It was a sort of "shake-hands!" message from directors of the newly-formed cable company in London to their agents in New York. And all the world wondered.

It had been a great performance, this spanning of the seas between Europe and the Western Hemisphere, and a first attempt had ended in disaster.

On that occasion H.M.S. Agamemnon and the United States warship, Niagara, set out from their respective sides of the Atlantic, each with half the cable, weighing about one ton per mile.

The direct distance between the starting points—Valentia in Ireland to Cape Race in Newfoundland—was 1,700 miles, but it was estimated that, allowing for bendings, deviations and unforeseen circumstances, about 2,500 miles of cable would be required.

There were 350,000 miles of wire in this length of cable, and it taxed all the resources of the wire-drawers of the United Kingdom to produce them.

As she sailed from Valentia,

the Agamemnon commenced to pay out the cable by means of central blocks, grooved-sheaves, friction-rollers, cramps, breaks, grips and other mechanical appliances.

All went well to start with, but when the warship was about 350 miles out, on the sixth day of her voyage, it was found that the cable was

getting too much "slack." It was evident that the cable was lying on the ocean bed more in the form of a zig-zag than a straightish line.

The engineer in charge of the operations gave the order for the grip-machinery to be tightened, but owing to unskilful handling, the strain was too much for the cable. It snapped, and sank in some 12,000 feet of water.

During the winter and spring several attempts were made to raise the cable-end, but they all failed, and the cable was abandoned.

In the summer however, it was decided to make another attempt with the two warships, and in July they steamed out into mid-ocean, spliced together their two portions of cable, and sailed back to their starting points.

In due course they arrived home, and the cable was laid. Agamemnon had payed out 1,020 miles of cable; Niagara, 1,030.

Delighted with the success of their venture the cable company directors sent fulsome messages across the Atlantic, and all was champagne and cigars.

On the 22nd of August, 1858, Queen Victoria gave the royal blessing to the new project by sending a hundred-word message to the President of the United States (it took two hours to transmit) and the President sent a suitable reply.

It was a new and startling development. And twelve days later the line went dead. It was many years before the link between the Old World and the New was revived.

D. N. K. BAGNALL.

FOLLY OLIVER

BUFFOONERY is the last thing one would associate with the name of Oliver Cromwell, stern Protector of Britain and devout Puritan. Yet there is on record an account of his indulgence in some detestable horse-play within a year of his death. True it occurred at the marriage of his daughter.

At the feast which followed the marriage he threw beer among the ladies to soil their rich clothes; flung wet sweetmeats about, and even went so far as to daub the seats the ladies were to sit on with them.

It says something for the manners of the ladies concerned that they took the thing in good part. After all, it was but the lighter side of a conqueror who allowed his troopers to desecrate churches by stabling their horses in them.

It seems to have been a life-long habit with him to get a kick from chucking mud about.

As a youth he is said to have mixed with dancers at a Christmas celebration with his gloves and leggings "befouled in a most horrid manner."

Many of the guests were contaminated with the filth, and the festivities were spoiled.

A line-up outside the Palace of three of "Upstart's" crew with their relatives—A.B. Walter Gilders, D.S.M.; P.O. F. W. Coulridge, D.S.M.; and L.Sto. R. Walker, D.S.M.



We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Marson Martin's COUNTRY CALENDAR



THIS is the story of the spuds which were left to grow through the clamps.

There were eighty tons of them, Felix estimated. They had been grown on land taken over by the War Agricultural Committee from a gentleman farmer who had never raised anything but his hat.

And when the time had come to lift the crop, two coach loads of land girls were brought into the village to do the work.

It was done with the latest potato-lifting machines and eight tractors were sent for the job. The patent potato-lifter caused a mild interest at first, but it was soon decided that the number of sliced and damaged spuds was really only what one might have expected from such new-fangled notions.

A WEEK they were on that job. Three long clamps were built—and were promptly forgotten. Nobody from the Committee ever came near them again. Eighty tons of potatoes that nobody wanted. For all anybody in the village ever knew the powers that be might have lost the map reference for those clamps.

And then in due season the potatoes sprouted. And still nobody bothered. The packed earth of the clamps began to crack and crumble and the first purple shoots appeared. Watered by the warm rains of Spring, the haulms shot up like tropical vegetation.

Straggling, sprawling, entwining, they grew into a nightmare forest. Pallid and sickly from the desperate cramping of their roots, the thin long-jointed haulms pushed their way from the clamps to the adjoining thornhedge. And started to climb that.

AND then, at last, these forgotten eighty tons of spuds won their recognition. From being the most neglected tubers that were ever grown, they became a centre of lively interest. Like King Charles, it was only in death that their lives grew sublime. Visitors came to look at them from miles around. Every farmer in the district who had been nagged silly by official forms came to look and remained to scoff.

Felix, next to whose high ten-acre the clamps were, perpetually wore the happiest smile that anyone had ever seen on his face. Rumour had it, that he paid a daily pilgrimage to the spot just for the good it did his eyes.

Reporters came from the local papers and wrote up screamingly funny accounts which were enjoyed throughout the county. Photographers came and set up their tripods to take time exposures, explaining the while that it would be a pity to miss any of the magical detail, for the lack of a little care in taking the picture.

THE local branch of the farmers' union paid a ceremonial visit. Italian prisoners who were employed on a drainage scheme found the attraction irresistible. Those potatoes had become a legend. And finally, as if to set the seal on the event, the whole story was told again in a Service newspaper which circulates regularly in the Far East. The name of the paper? I can't quite remember—it was an odd name, though. Something like "Good Morning." I think it was.

DARK HAND AND WHITE MARBLE

RICHMOND BARTHE, the American Negro sculptor, whose exhibitions have earned the praise of critics for more than a decade, and whose works are in the museums and public buildings of half a dozen countries—besides the United States, is finally convinced that he is beginning to create sculpture.

A modest and burningly sincere artist, Barthe almost dismisses most of his past work and speaks hesitantly of works now in progress. He has finished preliminary work on a head of Abraham Lincoln, American Civil War President, and is now making clay sketches of a figure of Christ. Both pieces, Barthe hopes, will accomplish what he has always wanted to do.

"I am really just starting," he states. "The pieces I have done up to now, and the things on which I have made my reputation, are like melodies. Pleasant, yes. In doing them I was growing up as an artist. I was acquiring technique—though to me, motion is the prime element of sculpture and technique secondary. The heads I have done, then, are my melodies. Now I am at work on my first symphonies. I hope I have achieved the Lincoln I wanted to capture—not the President, but the young Lincoln, warm and human."

FIGURE OF CHRIST.

Barthe's satisfaction with his head of Abraham Lincoln, to be executed finally in marble, led him to start what he calls his second real work, a life-size figure of Christ.

The sculptor is deeply religious, and his conception of the Saviour is one of great simplicity and dignity, but above all encompassing warmth.

Richmond Barthe was born in the Southern State of Mississippi, in 1901. His father died not long afterwards, and soon the busy young mother found she could do her shopping or housework without worry if she gave young Richmond a bit of pencil and paper and

set him on a rug where he could use the floor as his drawing board.

At the age of six, Barthe, untaught but groping, was working in water colours. At 14 he began work as a houseboy. He was already a butler in a large New Orleans household when he reached his 16th birthday.

His employers knew of the boy's intense interest in painting, and encouraged him. For Christmas their gift was a set of oil paints. By that time Barthe had saved enough money to buy a two-volume collection of reproductions of masterpieces.

"My mother thought I was crazy," the sculptor declared.

"No one we ever knew spent 25 dollars for two books! But I learned a great deal by copying the old masters. I taught myself to mix colours. And from those books—which I still own and use—came my first real opportunity."

HIS EDUCATION.

Barthe knew he must study art, but no opportunity to enter a school presented itself until he was 23. Then he copied a religious picture from his precious books and took the painting to a Catholic festival. There a visiting Jesuit, the Rev. F. Kane, saw the picture.

"Where did you get this?" asked the priest.

"I didn't get it," answered Barthe. "I painted it."

"Well, we'll have to send you to an art school at once," the priest said.

Through his efforts Barthe was enrolled in the Art Institute of Chicago, and there it was that the young man who had always wanted to paint became a sculptor.

A classmate of Barthe's was a young Polish boy whose head was so beautiful in its bone structure that Barthe decided to make a clay model. He was so pleased with the result that he immediately made a second head. After that came a call

for the work of a Negro sculptor for exhibition in a Negro Art Week. Barthe's first two pieces were displayed.

In 1930 Barthe's first one-man show was held in Chicago and the following year the young sculptor received one of the score of scholarships given to Negroes for creative work of study. Since then his exhibitions have won him mounting praise.

Among his works are such widely varying subjects as a bust of the English actor John Gielgud as "Hamlet" on exhibition in London.

In Adyar, India, where each nation is represented by a single piece of sculpture typical of the country, the piece by Barthe is a figure of Lincoln leading a Negro boy. Others of his works are in museums and private collections in Rumania, Austria, Germany, Africa, the Virgin Islands and the United States.

Barthe lives simply in his studio, keeps no regular working hours, seeks no large commissions. He generally finds himself working on eight or ten pieces more or less at once.

When he has crystallized a new idea, formulating the essence in a rough clay sketch, he can put it aside and return to finishing a portrait head. Thus he always has his hands full.

Derek Alexander



Plight of the Wild Ponies

IN summer time, what better afternoon out was there than a cycle ride or a hike from Plymouth City to Roborough Downs, South Dartmoor, a few miles from the city? It was great fun to coax the wild ponies with a bun or a piece of bread. Sensing a tasty tit-bit, the shy ponies would gather around picnickers, and do very well out of it, too, for the animals grew sleek and fat.

Born on the moor, they roam wild until a periodic round-up by farmers drives them in galloping hundreds across the bracken and gorse to some dead end lane or field.

Then the best of them are selected, and tough farmers struggle to place a brand on their backs. Thus for the first time in their wild lives, they know the touch of man, and it's often the first step in their taming and captivity.

Ponies are used for drawing light loads, for children to ride; but some are "drafted" to the coal mines. In the winter snow storms, Dartmoor came off badly, as usual. Snowdrifts were six feet deep; drinking troughs for the ponies were iced over. Motorists, seeing the plight of the ponies gathered thirsty around the troughs, broke the ice, and watched the wild animals overcome their fear of man as they crowd in to drink. But alas, with snow covering their scant diet of greenery and ice forming on their drinking troughs as soon as it is broken, many ponies were found lying dead from hunger and exposure in the snow on the roads between Plymouth and Okehampton.

REG LEWIS.

U.S.E. for the A.B.C.

IN this age of brevity there is little time to talk of such things as cinematograph or invitation, telephone, telegraph or theatre. Instead, we phone an invite to the pictures, or wire for a seat at the show. Often we dispense even with shortened words, and make do with letters alone.

It is strictly O.K. to talk now to your G.P. about T.B. and the D.T.s. And people think you a D.F. if you don't know exactly what they mean by the T.U.C., an M.I.C.E., the H.P.T. and m.p.g.

Our grandfathers were initially responsible. With pardonable joy they would inaugurate a new society. But "The Company of Gentlemen Adventurers Trading into Hudson Bay" would be sweet to their tongues only if enunciated in full. The more often they repeated such phrases, the more they liked the sound of them.

But this verbosity of our

grandparents soon went by the board and business had a big hand in the reaction. We began to buy cars on the H.P. or to sign I.O.U.s, pay C.W.O. or C.O.D., and send things F.O.B. to the U.S.A. or the U.S.S.R., where, if they were questionable goods, they might be seized by the G.P.U., and then even the P.M.G. could do nothing about it.

Behind the counter, today's language is a trifle more wordy, but not much. From the grocery section you get two gran and three dem; from the fruit and veg counter—ten pots, two oas, three aps and two lems. Christmas calls, at least for a turk and a pud.

You may extend a holiday tour of Beds, Hants or Bucks, to the I.O.M. or the I.O.W., or still farther afield to N.B.

We're talking now about the C.O. who, after he and his A.D.C. had received their D.S.O.s, recommended us all with admirable abandon for the M.C. or the M.M. If you have a job at G.H.Q. the chances are you spend your spare time with an A.T.S., though more profitably perhaps, at the Y.M.C.A. Or it might be with a W.R.E.N. or a W.A.A.C.

We are getting so accustomed to brevity, that words often seem hopelessly out of place. Mouthfuls like Police Constable, Justice of the Peace, Finance and the like, now strike us as picturesque redundancies, mouthed much more snappily in the nutshell briefs of P.C., J.P. and L.S.d.

Unhappily, though, if we travel too insanelly along this road, it may all end in R.I.P., though it is just possible that by sending an S.O.S. to our G.P., he might be able to N.G. the verdict and make it M.D. instead.

T.T.F.N., as Mrs. Mop says, JOHN FLEETWOOD.

DON'T OVERACT

AFTER a blitz in the East End of London, a charred fragment of some instructions to film operators was found among the ruins of a cinema. This is what it said:

In the event of an air-raid warning, keep running till the dome falls in.

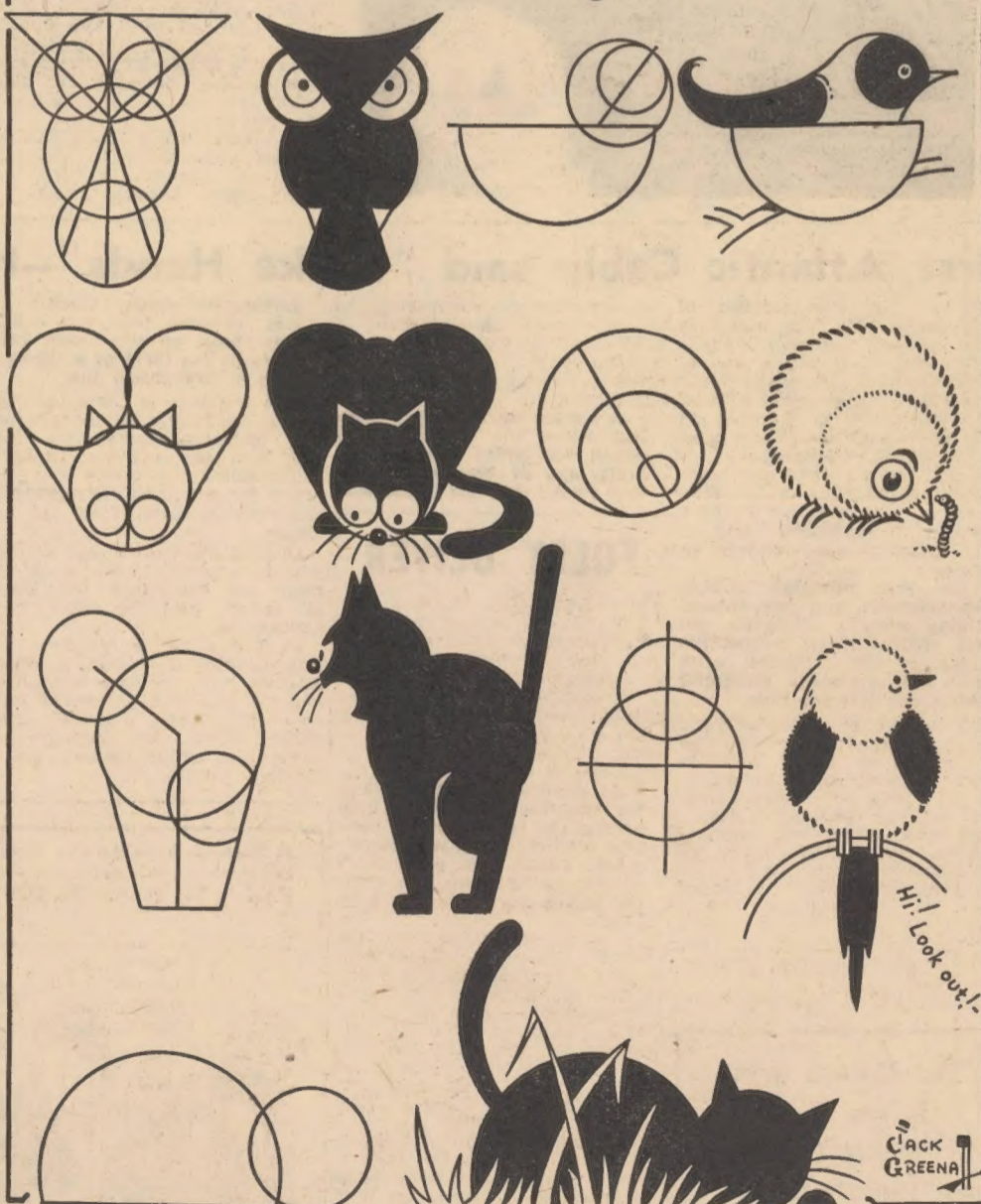
If box bell rings wait 20 seconds, then close tabs, bring up footlights and houselights slowly.

Out of sheer cussedness keep calm. (If you can't, scram.)

When notified on phone continue with show if it is in you. If you die, well, die like an artist and don't, whatever happens, overact.

CATS AND BIRDS

What! together?
—asking for a 'cat'astrophe.



DRAW WITH JACK GREENALL. CATS AND BIRDS. As before, here to the left of each sketch, is drawn this geometric foundation diagram. Fill in all solid blacks with a brush. Use Black Indian ink. A Waverley pen is ideal for outlining sketch in ink. Remember again, all diagrams to be drawn in pencil first.

BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

THE Post Office have done an extraordinarily good job of work in this war in getting mail to the Forces in the shortest possible time, and where complaints have been made there has usually been some sound physical cause for the delay. Air mail has been the key to success, of course. And it's just as well that the Post Office is so efficient, for the regular and speedy interchange of letters between the Forces and those at home is an important factor in maintaining morale.

I have been looking at the "Illustrated London News" of June 3, 1854, which has something to say about the postal service to the Baltic Fleet taking part in the Crimean War.



An illustration of "The Baltic Fleet Post Office on board H.M.S. the Duke of Wellington" shows a scene on the lower deck where officers are sorting out the freshly-arrived mail. The letters are spread out all over the deck in little piles or single envelopes, and through an improvised curtain which screens the work on hand peers a line of seamen, their faces lit with eager anticipation.

Small wonder if the men are impatient to get their news from home, for mail in those days seems to have been in a pretty bad way.

"The postal arrangements for the delivery of letters in the Baltic Fleet," reports the journal, "has of late been a prolific subject of complaint; and of the interest which it excites the engraving upon the preceding page is a faithful illustration; it being the effect of the Fleet remaining for nearly a month without the delivery of any letters or newspapers."

"The scene is on board the Duke of Wellington steamship, thus described by the correspondent who has favoured us with the sketch: 'The arrival of letters from England causes great excitement on board. The bags are handed out of the boat, and put under a screen which is got up for the purpose. There are plenty of volunteers for sorting; the names of the different ships are chalked on the deck, and each person takes so many ships and looks out when their names are sung out by the people sorting the general mass. One officer is excused expressly to do duty as Postmaster-General. When all are finished, the anxiously-looked-for signal is made, 'Send boat for letters.'"



Some questions must have been asked in the House of Commons, for Sir James Graham, First Lord of the Admiralty, made a statement in which he said that for the Baltic Fleet mail was made up in London every Tuesday, and sent to Danzig via Belgium and Prussia.

At Danzig, Sir Charles Napier had been instructed to despatch every Friday a steamer to meet and convey the correspondence to the Fleet. In addition, letters went out by all ships of war that sailed from England to join the Fleet, and letters from the Baltic to England were carried by a regular fortnightly service.

It is interesting to compare the postal charges of that time with those of to-day. A packet not exceeding 10z. in weight was 8d. for officers' letters, the sum being made up by a charge of 3d. for the British, 1d. for the Belgian and 3d. for the Prussian rate.



Seamen and soldiers received their letters for 5d., the British rate being reduced in their behalf to 4d. The charge on letters home was 1d. to seamen and soldiers and 6d. to officers.

Advanced stamp collectors know, of course, that letters sent to or received from the Baltic Fleet in 1854 are among the rarer philatelic covers connected with the Crimean War.

Illustrated here is a 1943 Belgium issue with portrait of King Leopold, similar to the open collar type of 1936, but with a different frame; a 10c. Bolivian postal tax stamp issued last year; and a German charity stamp commemorating the 400th anniversary of the death of Peter Henlein, Nuremberg inventor of the watch. These stamps have only recently reached this country.

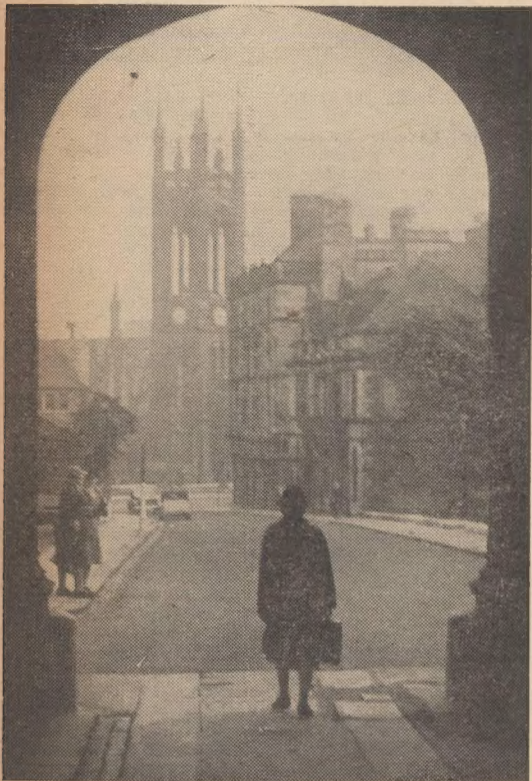
Mrs. Roosevelt: "You didn't tell me that you were expecting Winston Churchill to visit us, Franklin."

Mr. Roosevelt: "You know, Eleanor, a wise man never tells a secret to a woman or a journalist. You are both."

Good Morning

Down the Road . .

Along the highways of England, roads travelled by countless people, and vehicles of all shapes and sizes, throughout every minute of the day—and night . . . through picturesque villages, untouched by time, except for the speed of the heavy traffic, which trundles through . . . yet always incidents at the roadside making up the life of our countryside. Come with our cameraman on a day's journey from Newcastle-on-Tyne, down the 140 miles to Oldham, near Manchester. It was during the month of February.



Starting out from the North Road, as it runs through Barras Bridge in Newcastle-on-Tyne, St. Thomas' Church is framed in the gateway of King's College. Then on down the road through Gateshead and the open stretch which leads South.



Mingling with the traffic, through the pit country of County Durham, until the picturesque village of Aycliffe comes into view. The quiet of this picture is only of a moment's duration, for traffic continues through its road day and night. The cottages flanking the great road tremble to the rumble of the heavy lorries.



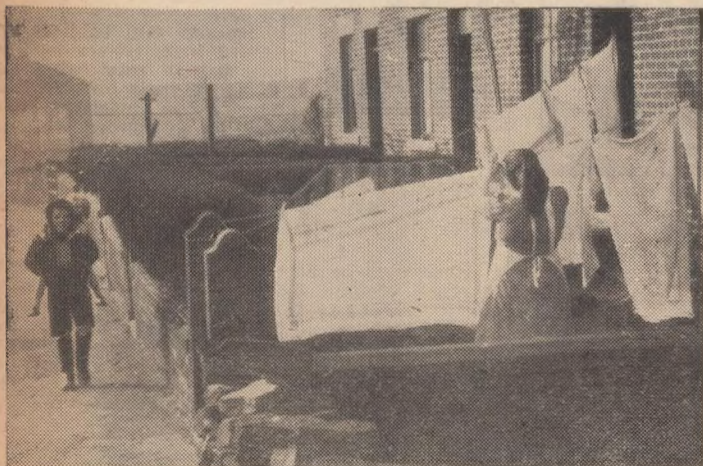
Then on again towards Darlington, where alongside Grange Road, which is just part of the North Road, the pretty park is the centre of attraction for the aged people who find relaxation in the surroundings of the green trees, and shady avenues.



The wheels turn again, through Blackwell, and the roadside at Newton Morrell, smoke from the belching chimney of the thresher at work, shows activity on the land. It also shows the results of a year's hard work in the fields.



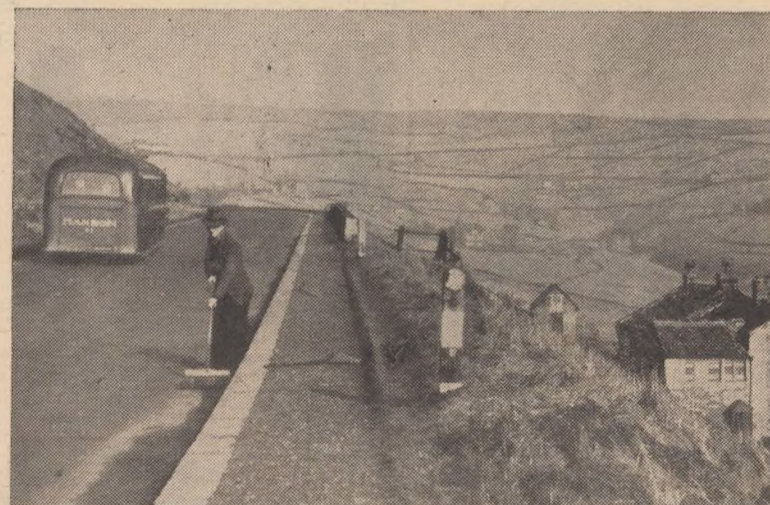
Through Catterick, and to the lovely road through Borough-Bridge, where just for a fleeting second only the highway is graced with a horse and cart . . . a sign that agriculture is the industry of the people there.



Turning right at Wetherby, and into Leeds, and out again on the road to Birstall, where at the roadside a housewife pegs out her day's washing in the front garden, and the youngsters come pick-a-back home after a day at school.



Huddersfield, with sunshine breaking through the smoke from the mills and factories. . . Two children spin their tops on the roadway. A peaceful scene on the road normally humming with traffic.



Over Penistone Pass, and on to Standedge, a lonely and treacherous road in bad weather, but beautiful, where Fred Bradbury, a road-sweeper has the loneliest job on the roads in Britain.

Then the final run down into Oldham, and the end of a journey over 140 miles of roads, through industry, and countryside, in Northumberland, Durham, the North Riding and Yorkshire, and finally into Lancashire.